The Family

FAITH AND DUTY.

Faith and Duty, earth's evangels,
Smile upon our mortal way,
Faith looks up to catch each sunbeam,
Duty plucks the thorns away;
Faith creates the balm of healing—
Grants the gift of heavenly grace,
Duty smooths the careworn furrows
Time and sorrow always trace.

Faith looks up for more of beauty
In the sunshine overhead,
Duty toils to clear the pathway
That our weary feet must tread;
Faith would soar above earth's sorrows—
Look beyond the toil and tears,
Duty lifts the cross nor falters
'Neath its burden through the years.

Faith would gather consolation,
And the boon of peace bestow,
Duty shares the care and troubles
And the trials all must know;
Faith looks up for heavenly comfort—
Duty wipes the tears away
Side by side these guardian angels
Bless life's journey day by day.

—Margaret Scott Hall.

Kirkwood, Ga.

HENRI DUNANT.

There were many battles fought in Italy during the struggle for independence in which Garibaldi played so great a part. But there was one battle that has a peculiar interest for all soldiers and all people who care for soldiers, because something happened then that brought about a great benefit to fighting armies. Yet it seemed a little thing at the time. It was this: that one man was struck with a great idea and he did not let it die out of his mind.

It is Midsummer Day in the year 1859, and a blazing Italian sun is pouring down its beams on a grim battlefield of blood and death. The battle of Solferino is being fought between the Italians with their allies the French, Napoleon III. at their head, and the Austrians under their emperor, Francis Joseph. Three hundred thousand men are facing each other, and the line of battle extends for fifteen miles. All day long the fighting goes on. Each position of advantage is stubbornly contested. The dead are piled in heaps and the wounded lie unheeded, to be trampled on by the cavalry or driven over by the heavy artillery. One who was present that day describes it as one of the bloodiest battles of the nineteenth century.

As the dreadful scene rises before us the question comes to our minds: Was there any care taken for the wounded? Yes, during the battle flying ambulances were stationed at various points, which attended first to the officers and then to the men—if the medical staff had any time left for them. But—and this is the important thing to notice—the ambulance flag was respected only by its own side. The Italian ambulances were exposed to the Austrian shot and shell and the Austrian ambulances to the Italian just as much as any other part of the field. That seems very cowardly and unfair to you and me now. And one man brought about a change.

The Italians with their good allies, the French, won the day, and the Austrians were forced to retreat. It was evening when the retreat commenced. They tried to carry away as many of the wounded as possible, but thousands were left behind to die for want of a helping hand. They lay there parched and dying, with no one even to give them a drop of water. True, there were men prowling about in the dark, but they were cruel wretches who had come to steal valuables and even clothing from the bodies of the dead and wounded soldiers.

But there was just one man that night who saw all this suffering and cruelty, whose heart was wrung with pity for the poor, neglected, wounded soldiers. His name was Henri Dunant, and he was not a soldier but a civilian gentleman. And then and there he thought of a plan for helping the wounded soldiers, and resolved not to rest until he had got people to adopt it.

His first care, however, was to see what could be done for the poor sufferers at that time. Many of them were removed the next day into the neighboring town of Castiglione, where they were given shelter in the churches and public buildings. There was abundance of food and water, yet they were dying for want of nurses to minister to them. So Henri Dunant organized a volunteer band of nurses. They were peasant women, but they did their best and were kind to the poor soldiers. Dunant at his own cost procured a load of sponges, linen, tobacco, camomiles, oranges, citron and sugar. He was always in and out among the soldiers, and they got to love him dearly for all the help and relief he had brought them. They used to call him "le monsieur en blanc," "the gentleman in white," for he always wore white clothes. Another name they had for him was "the Good Samaritan of Solferino." It was a good name for him. It was no more his business than that of any one else to concern himself with the wounded of the Austrian and allied armies. But as with the good Samaritan of the parable, his brother's need made him neighbor. He showed no distinction between wounded friend and wounded enemy: "Tutti fratelli," "they are all brothers," was the motto of Dunant and his brave band of helpers.

What was the grand idea which came into Dunant's mind after the battle of Solferino? It was simply this—that every army should have its permanent ambulance corps properly instructed and equipped, that they should possess the privilege of safety from attack on the field of battle (that is to say, they were not to be fired on by either side), and that, in order to secure their safety, a new, special flag or emblem should be displayed by the ambulance corps of all nationalities. This was Dunant's idea. The Red Cross on the white ground was to be the common flag.

What the Red Cross means is so familiar to all of us now that it is hard to realize that before Dunant thought of it the wounded and those attending to them were fired on as much as any one else on the field of battle.—Selected.

DR. JACK'S SECRET.

"It's just as we thought, Dr. Jack—King Bruce has gone lame, and you can't use him," said the doctor's man, as he entered his master's office.

"Well, Matthew, it's a good thing that shank's mare is in prime condition to carry me to my patients," laughed the doctor; "I will be off at once, seeing I must go afoot."

A little later the doctor set off on his round of calls. The first patient he wished to see was his niece, Rosemary, who had sprained her ankle the day before. The doctor made his way through the snow, thoroughly enjoying the spotless whiteness surrounding him and the keen fresh air. Rosemary greeted him with smiling surprise.

"You dear Uncle Jack!" she cried; "Bertha and I were both sure you would not be able to come today, when we heard King Bruce was lame."

"A fine doctor I would be, to let a lame horse keep me from calling on my patients!" the doctor answered, as he unwound his muffler, unbuttoned his coat, and sat down beside his niece.

"But how do you do it, anyway, Uncle Jack—find time for everything?" Rosemary asked.

"By doing only the things I believe worth while, and by making every stroke count. That is the secret, lassie," the doctor answered.

"That is easier said than done, Uncle Jack," chimed in Bertha, who, having followed the doctor into the room, had heard his last words.

"It is not difficult if we make it a practice to

'Do the things we must
Before the things we may,'"

Dr. Jack answered.

"I'm glad you feel that way, and didn't let King Bruce and the snow and other things keep you away, Uncle Jack," Rosemary said.

Bertha did not speak, but stood looking thoughtfully on while the ailing ankle was being dressed, giving such assistance as her uncle needed.

After the doctor had gone, Bertha set the red geranium plant in the sunshine where Rosemary could see it, and said, as she turned to leave the room:

"I'm going to take the shell-pattern to grandma now, dear. You won't mind being alone until mamma comes back from the meeting, which will be soon, I think."

"No, I don't mind being alone, Bertha," Rosemary answered. "But I thought you had decided to finish that book instead of taking the long tramp to grandma's through the snow."

"So I had, before Uncle Jack called. Now 'the thing worth while' seems not to disappoint grandma. It is just the day she will like for starting the shell-pattern."

"And do you know, dear," Rosemary